

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XIV.]

Saturday, February 22, 1812.

[NO. 18.]

EXTRACTED.

FROM

THE FOUNDLING OF

BELGRADE.

'Thus clothed with supreme authority, now conversant in colonial trade, and the perquisites of his office, he was no way scrupulous in the multiplication of *douceurs*. The abuses and wanton confiscations of this mercenary wretch are to be found in the records of the Moro; whose dungeons echoed long with the sighs of the unhappy victims of his persecution.

'Having filled the situation for the usual period, his recal was an happy tidings to the island; and he returned to Spain with no insignificant appendage to courtly parade. His fortune was now double to what it was; and having learned amid the routine of office, to spend his money with a better grace, he began to drink deeply of the intoxicating pleasures of Madrid. In the progress of time he had the good fortune to succeed in his addresses to a lady more celebrated for her beauty than private fortune;

the blandishments of her charms and family connexion were all her pretensions. The marquis was affluent, he was yet enslaved by avarice; but his ambition outran this insatiable desire in order to enable his issue with that blood of which he was destitute himself. The marchioness realized the expectations of all conversant with the amiable disposition of her heart, and her husband not the least of the number. She proved an excellent wife, and by a happy art of indulging the whims and caprices of her lord, succeeded in retaining his affections, and giving a better polish to the manners he imported from a west-indian climate. For four years he enjoyed the blessings of an amiable companion, an exemplary mother—the luxury of one real friend! they had but one child. In this girl was centered every hope; but alas! it was soon to lose the protection of one who might have saved it from the misery which awaited it.

'The death of the marchioness was a deep wound to the happiness of the marquis. He felt it with all the poignancy of deep affliction, and well he might. In this

inestimable woman he found the value of real friendship; with her it vanished, and once more he became the victim of his unruly passions. Substantial as was his grief, it had to boast of no lengthened duration: it soon subsided amid the scenes of dissipation which he entered. After a series of years, in which he impaired his constitution, and lowered himself in the estimation of the virtuous, he formed the vain and unnatural project of retrieving his lost reputation by an interested match for his daughter. Mariana had grown up in loveliness, and all the amiable accomplishments of her departed mother. He therefore resolved to take advantage of the public estimation of his child, and to sacrifice her happiness on the altar of his own lawless ambition. Don Raymond is one of those gadflies which feed upon the feibles of society—continually busied in the scent of calumny—flying from house to house for fresh materials of slanderous enterprize, in order to serve up the corrupted game he has been pursuing—hated, yet courted; detested by every one, yet welcomed wherever he goes. Destitute of principle or honor, Raymond has no recommendation beyond the advantage of birth and overgrown riches. Yet such was the husband selected by her father for the lovely Mariana. Raymond met his intended bride, and was satisfied with her *points*, as he styled them in his phræology. Proposals were offered corresponding to the

views of the marquis, and the marriage contract finally settled and drawn up. Poor Mariana was ignorant of the plot. She had seen Raymond only to abhor him. His vile principles were no secret, and she had often spurned his attention with disgust before she was called upon to receive him as a husband. The whole circle of her acquaintance pealed with the approaching nuptials prior to her own knowledge of the plot in embryo. Already was she pitied before she was sensible how much she needed compassion. Every one deplored the misery of the bride ere she knew she had a lover. Guess then her astonishment when she became acquainted with the report! unable to reconcile to her belief the proposals which were intimated by her father, she ingenuously confessed her abhorrence of her suitor. Alas! she knew not what it was to irritate a brutal parent. The marquis equally confounded at an opposition he never suspected, first assured himself of the reality of her objection to portray, to the frantic Mariana the shocking deformities of her father's mind. She prayed she, knelt and wept, conjured him to remember how she loved, how obedient she had been to his former commands, and concluded in a strain of pathetic eloquence, an affecting appeal to his compassion. unavailing were her efforts, neither pity nor tenderness were the inmates of his bosom. In place of operating in her favor, it made

him only the more exasperated—destitute of feeling himself he was callous to the feelings of others. Habituated to controul, the opposition of his daughter was rank rebellion against the ordinances of God and of man. He recognized the relation between a parent and his offspring; but it was in the light of that long exploded doctrine which subsisted in the darker ages; and he quitted the presence of his distracted child, leaving to her the option either to marry Raymond, or to be immured for life in the convent of St. Clare!

‘For the first time Mariana began to experience, with poignant severity the loss of her dead mother. Her remembrance of her was faint; but she was no stranger to her recorded virtues. Without a friend to advise, or in whom to confide she sunk under the wretched despondency of her situation; and for one entire month she never quitted her bed, consumed by a dangerous fever which seemed to baffle all medical skill.

‘The marquis made daily inquiries after her health. As her disorder increased his heart would admit degrees of pulsation—remorse we cannot call it. As her fever abated so his agitation subsided; but no indication of tenderness soothed her convalescence. His sentiments remained unshaken, and she survived a dangerous illness to be once more tortured with his hateful commands.

‘Poor Mariana, driven to the sad alternative of a cloister, or an abhorred alliance, began seriously to repent upon the conduct she should pursue. To disobey her father would rob her of the fascinating charms of a society she had every requisite to adorn; but that society was, alas! unenviable with the conditions annexed. Vanity would whisper the varied pleasures of a life of gaiety, her claims to admiration, and the thousands she would enslave by the effulgence of her charms. ‘Love,’ exclaimed Dissipation, ‘how ridiculous!—he is your husband ’tis true, but, lud, what is a husband?—a silly toy! fit only to protect you against insult; but unfit to share those charms which thousands may envy him—some participate.’ Chastity shuddered at the brink which innocence was upon. Every passion of the human mind passed in review. The whole catalogue of good & bad was opened to her inspection; each as they invited happiness or misery, stood arrayed in perfect order & separate distinction. Now had she perused the world in all its forms. She paused, and shut the book, to become an involuntary exile from its contents!’

Bernard heaved a deep sigh as he mentioned the resolution of the unhappy Mariana, and fixing his eye upon Alfonso’s, seemed to ask whether he was animated with sentiments similar to his own. Alfonso inquired whether the release of Mariana was the object he had in view?

'Exactly so,' he exclaimed, 'that is my resolve—I shall try though I sacrifice my life in the attempt.'—Observing a smile on the countenance of Alfonso, he blushed; but it was the blush of conscious integrity. 'By Heavens,' he continued, 'you may smile, call my project romantick, or rivalling the knight-errantry of the hero of La Mancha—but you shall not wean me from a purpose, the foundation of which is humanity, the accomplishment reputable, and whose failure cannot be dishonor——'

'You mistake me, Bernard,' cried Alfonso, 'I cannot censure a laudable enterprize, but what is the object you have in view—what your motives?'

'Motives!' exclaimed Bernard, 'is the tale you have heard no motive!' your feelings must be formed of different materials from what I had imagined: should you not commiserate the unhappy case of Mariana?'

'I do not commiserate,' said Alfonso, 'but how ameliorate her situation——'

'By relieving her,' rejoined Bernard.

'What next?' exclaimed Alfonso, 'where place your fair duicenea after relieving her from the convent?'

Bernard paused——'In truth,' said he, 'you confuse me now my friend. But why should I conceal my heart from Alfonso! I love

her—yes; strange and incredible though it be, I love her whom I never saw! Listen to the scheme, and should you approve it, aid me with your counsel, but do not imagine you can dissuade me from the pursuit. I shall endeavor to affect an interview, or at least convey to Mariana a knowledge of my attachment and my commiseration for her hapless condition—tell her who and what I am—paint in every lively color the sincerity of an honorable passion—dwell upon the privations of the conventual, the cheerless uniformity of monastic life, the futility of ascetic virtues, and the criminality attached to a voluntary desertion of the social duties—contrast the gloomy prospect which awaits a renunciation of the world, with the charms of social intercourse, the soft blandishments of congenial sentiment, and the perpetual felicity of mutual attachment. Such is the outline of the argument I intended to use. In such a cause, and for such an object it were impossible to convey to you in minute detail all I would urge; but when I set me down to breathe forth my soul to Mariana, my pen will be eloquence itself. This done, should she decline my offer, I shall then but not till then, shall I endeavor to forget her. If on the other hand, she should listen to my proposals, instantly I quit the regiment, and abandoning the profession of arms, retire to my paternal cottage, rich in the possession of a wife I do not despair to love.

'Last night I was told she was present at our marching into Saragossa, and that stationed at the window with her from whom I learned this incident, she recognized us two, inquired our names, and lavish with eoniums praised our soldier-like appearance. Of you, Alfonso, I am informed she was particularly attentive. There was something nobly characteristic in your deportment, something peculiarly interesting in your physiognomy. Never before did I listen to the commendations of my friend without grateful satisfaction and without feeling an inward pride at a compliment so flattering to the choice of my affections: but this expression coming home to the heart at a period when it was not itself, at the moment when heated by the tumultuous disorder of soft piercing emotions, the green streaks of suspicious love broke wildly in. For the first time was I envious of the encomiums heaped upon my friend. In my delirium I even hated you—yes, maddened by jealousy, I was base enough to curse Alfonso!'

Alfonso though he could not reconcile to himself the novelty of so eccentric a passion was by no means hostile to the project. He esteemed Bernard: it was a mutual sentiment, and he was ever ready to lose his life in any cause his friend embarked. That which now engrossed the attention of Bernard was singular enough; but he knew his incorruptible hon-

or, and he was satisfied his intentions toward Mariana were truly so. They separated for the morning in the duty of the regiment, Alfonso promising to digest Bernard's plan and to offer any new suggestions which might occur to him at their next interview.

(To be Continued.)

Little Dominick; or the Welsh School-master and Irish pupil.

From an Essay on Irish Bulls, by Richard Lovell Edgeworth and Maria Edgeworth.

Undismayed at the length of his task, little Dominick only said—'I hope, if I say it all without missing a word, you will not give my mother a bad account of me and my grammar studies, sir.'

'Say it all first, without missing a word, and then I shall see what I shall say,' replied Mr. Owen ap Jones.

Even the encouragement of this oracular answer excited the boy's fond hopes so keenly, that he lent his little soul to the task, learned it perfectly, said it at night, without missing one word to his friend Edwards, and said it next morning, without missing one word, to his master.

'And now, sir,' said the boy, looking up, 'will you write to my mother? And shall I see my mother? And shall I go home?'

'Tell me first, whether you understand all you have learnt so cliply?' said Mr. Owen ap Jones.

That was more than his bond. Our hero's countenance fell—and he acknowledged that he did not understand it perfectly.

'Then I cannot write a coot account of you and your crammer studies to your mother—my conscience coes against it!' said the conscientious Mr. Owen ap Jones.

No intreaties could move him. Dominick never saw the letter that was written to his mother—but he felt the consequence. She wrote word, this time, punctually by return of post, that she was sorry she could not send for him home these holidays, as she had heard so bad an account from Mr. Owen ap Jones, &c. and as she thought it her duty not to interrupt the course of his education, especially his grammar studies.

Little Dominick heaved many a sigh when he saw the packing up of his school fellows; and dropped a few tears, as he looked out of the window, and saw them, one after another, get on their welsh ponies, and gallop off towards their homes.

'I have no home to go to!' said he.

'Yes you have,' cried Edwards, 'and our horses are at the door to carry us there.'

'To Ireland—me—the horse^s!' said the poor boy quite bewildered.

'No the horses cannot carry you to Ireland' said Edwards, laughing goodnaturedly, 'but you have a home now in England. I asked my father to let me bring you home with me, and he says 'yes,' like a dear good father and has sent the horses—Come, let's away.'

'But will Mr. Owen ap Jones let me go?'

'Yes—he dares not refuse, for my father has a living in his gift that Owen ap Jones wants, and which he will not have if he does not change his tune to you!'

Little Dominick could not speak one word his heart was so full.

No boy could be happier than he was during these holidays—'the genial current of his soul,' which had been frozen by unkindness, flowed with all its natural freedom and force.

Whatever his reasons might be, Mr. Owen ap Jones, from this time forward was observed to change his manners towards his Irish pupil—he never more complained of him breaking Priscian's head, seldom called him Irish plockit, and once would have flogged a Welsh boy for taking up this expression of his master's but that the Irish plockit begged the culprit off.

Little Dominick sprang forward in his studies—he soon surpassed every boy in school, his friend Edwards only excepted. In process of time, his guardian removed him to a higher seminary of education. Edwards had a tutor at home. The friends separated. Afterwards they followed different professions in distant parts of the world, and they never saw or heard more of each other for many years.

Dominick, now no longer little Dominick, went over to India as private Secretary to one of our commanders in chief. How he got into this situation, or by what gradations he rose in the world, we are not exactly informed; we only know he was the reputed author of a much admired pamphlet on indian affairs; that the dispatches of the general to whom he was secretary, were remarkably well written; and that Dominick O'Reilly, esq. returned to England, after several years absence, not miraculously rich but with a fortune equal to his wishes. His wishes were not extravagant—his utmost ambition was to return to his native country, with a fortune that should enable him to live independently of all the world especially of some of his relations, who had not used him well. His mother was no more!

On his arrival in London, one of the first things he did was to read the Irish news-papers. To his inexpressible joy he saw the estate

of Fort-Reilly advertised to be sold—the very estate which had formerly belonged to his family. Away he posted directly to an attorney in Cecil-street, who was empowered to dispose of the land.

When the attorney produced the map of the well known demesne, and an elevation of the house in which he had spent the happiest hours of his infancy, his heart was so touched that he was on the point of paying down for an old ruin more than a good new house would cost. The attorney acted honestly by his client, and seized this moment to exhibit a plan of the stabling and offices, which (as is sometimes the case in Ireland) were in a style far superior to the dwelling house. Our hero surveyed these with transport: he rapidly planned various improvements in imagination, and planted several favourite spots in the demesne! During this time the attorney was giving directions to a clerk about some other business; suddenly the name of Owen ap Jones struck his ear—he started.

‘Let him wait in the front parlour: his money is not forthcoming,’ said the attorney; ‘and if he keep Edwards in jail till he rots—’

‘Edwards! Good Heavens!—in jail!—What Edwards?’ exclaimed our hero.

It was his friend Edwards!

To be Continued

From the American Daily Advertiser.

Draught of a petition to be presented to the House of Representatives of the state of Pennsylvania.

Whereas, your Petitioners, Female-Citizens of the state of Pennsylvania, having observed with surprise and chagrine, an attempt made in your Honorable Body, to deprive them of the indefeasible rights of dress, which at no period they have escheated or voluntarily surrendered to the other Sex : they think it a duty they owe themselves, and their posterity, to express their disapprobation thereof.

Your Petitioners humbly conceive, that the present Ordinances of Society, have more than sufficiently reduced them under the dominion of the other Sex ; a fact which they think has been fully demonstrated by the ingenious defender of their rights, Mrs. Wolstonecroft, who, had she lived to this period, must have been struck with horror at such an attempt, which, should it succeed, must ultimately lead to the total prostration of our Rights and Privileges.

Your Honorable and wise Body, must be fully aware, from your intimate acquaintance with the History and Nature of the Human Species, that encroachment is always followed by encroachment, & of the danger we are in, of being reduced to a complete state of vas-

salage, should the resolutions presented to your Honorable Body, be adopted ; and not being contented with our wearing three Petticoats, they will make us wear one, two, or three other articles of dress, or no dress at all ; and filled with the spirit of denomination enter into the secret recesses of our *Sanctum Sanctorum*, the Toilet and become completely initiated into its Mysteries.

Your Petitioners, humbly conceive, that in any attempt to improve the manners or habits of Society, practice is always superior to precept, and that Gentlemen, before they criticize our dress should enquire into the improprieties and folly of their own.

Your Petitioners have, a long time observed with wonder and disgust, some points of their dress palpably, foolish and indecent. They have observed their necks enveloped with a plurality of kerchiefs, filled with stuffed silk, to the evident danger of producing Suffocation, Apoplexy, or some other dangerous disease, in the most beautiful portion of the Summer, they have observed their inferior understandings completely covered with various grotesque forms of leather, called Boots ; They could point out many other parts of their dress, worthy of Criticism ; but they will only take notice of one, which demands their united censure—they allude to a certain species of Pantalcons,

at present worn by the gentlemen ; but which delicacy forbids them to delineate.

We, your Petitioners, therefore humbly pray, that, influenced by your *wisdom* and *gallantry*, you will order your Clerk to throw those ungallant resolutions under the table, and that your honorable speaker, or some of your honorable body, will bring forward a motion to appoint a committee to consider of the propriety of bringing in a bill to the following effect :—

First.—Resolved that if any male above the age of twenty-one shall hereafter, between the months of April, and October, wear more than one stuffing enclosed in a single 'kerchief (the stuffing to be not more than six inches wide, and twelve inches long) each person so offending, shall be subject to a fine of fifty dollars, recoverable before an alderman or justice of the peace of this commonwealth.

Secondly.—If any male above the age of twenty-one, shall wear boots, except between the months of November and May, or in rainy or muddy weather, each person so offending shall be subject to a fine of one hundred dollars.

Thirdly.—If any male above the age of twenty one, shall wear a certain article of clothing called Stockinet, made into Pantaloon, each person so offending shall pay a fine of two hundred dollars,

Fourthly.—That for the pur-

pose of distinguishing between Gentlemen, and those who have the semblance of that character, it is further provided, that all coxcombs, petit maitres, or those who have been convicted of any misdemeanor or crime against the state shall be exempted from the penalties of this bill.

A correct copy from the original Dedication, intended for the 'Songsters Repository.'

DEDICATION.

To all those who can sing, and all those who cannot sing throughout the United States.

To those who have good voices and can sing well I have only to say: 'Ladies and Gentlemen do be so obliging as to purchase the following collection of songs, and you will then have wherewithall to exercise your sweet voices;' and to you, who like myself, have a voice sweet as the croaking of a Raven or the grating of a file on a hand saw I would also say, 'buy my book,' and if at any time, in any place or in any company, you are pressed for a song, as has been my lot 'full many a time and oft:' you will have only to squall out one of the following songs in Terrorem, and I'll bet my Cremora to a Jews-harp (which Sterns says is the greatest musical odds that ever was laid) that you will never be asked, much less pressed to

sing in the same company again—
To both I have only to add or rather
to repeat 'buy my book' and
you will very much
oblige your most obedient
most obsequious
and very humble serv't.

I had almost said

THE AUTHOR

but will subscribe myself the

COMPILER.

If the Editor thinks this worthy of
an insertion he will please to
give it a place in his Miscellany
and oblige

E.

A PROSPECT OF DEATH.

However unwilling we may be,
to reflect on the subject of *Death*.
Yet doubtless, there is no occurrence
of life, that demands more
serious consideration.

We, who are continually liable,
to be arrested by this King of Terrors,
should endeavour to obtain a
release from the fear of his approach.

Happy! they who are free'd
from those fears, who can look forward,
with a degree of impatient anxiety,
to that hour, which shall introduce
them to that *Mansion of Rest* where
they shall enjoy the immediate presence
of the *Great Jehovah*. And of the spirits
of the just made Perfect. Unspeakable!
the privilege to be interested in

the *Son of God*,—this affords a
Hope, beyond the Grave, it enables
the Believer to '*look with triumph*
in the Tomb,' a humble assurance of
this interest, makes him long to
be dissolv'd, that he may be with
Jesus, his hope is cast within the
veil, and he can say, tho' I walk
through the solitary vale of *Death*,
yet I shall not fear for the staff of
my *Redeemer*, shall support, and
his presence comfort me.

'He sees the Haven full in view,
And Love divine shall bear him
thro'
He trusts to that propitious gale
And weighs his anchor, spreads
his sail.'

For the Lady's Miscellany.

The LUCUBRATOR:

NUMBER II.

Upon FEMALE INFIDELITY, and
the CORRUPTION of the
present Age.

It is a loud and a true complaint
that the ladies at the present times
have degenerated very much from
the virtue of the last age, and that
chastity does not rank so highly as
of old. Marriage seems to be
sought for to be despised, and the
conjugal oath is taken to be violated.
Yet it is acknowledged on every
hand, that adultery is an heinous
crime, and that nothing tends
in so great a degree to disfigure
society.

The men of fashion, disregard-

ing religion as well as humanity, occupy their time and cares in the pursuits of animal enjoyment ; and the contagion of their example spreads to the lower classes of the citizens. Satiety and refinement induce them to court an endless variety in their amours ; and they appear even to neglect the favours of young women, in order to corrupt the wives of their relations and friends. A taste so capricious and so dangerous, indicates, doubtless, that our manners have advanced to a fatal pitch of degeneracy.

Adultery is not only allowed to be a crime by all polished nations, but it has been classed as the next in atrocity to homicide. It is a theft, of all others, the most cruel. It is an outrage that may lead to assassination and murder. Nor indeed is there any excess so deplorable, to which it may not give rise.

The seduction of young women though criminal and wicked, is not generally so pernicious to society as the corruption of women who are married. The husband, when he is informed of the infidelities of his wife, loses all affection for her ; and she has already renounced all love to him. For her children she entertains no maternal tenderness ; and her husband disdains an issue that is spurious. The children are neglected, and become objects of inquietude to the reputed father, and of reproach to the unfortunate mother. They

grow up without education, and without manners ; and when of age they are thrown upon the world to disturb their fellow creatures, and to add to human calamity and wretchedness.

The pleasures which the Almighty has annexed to the marriage-bed, are the means of multiplying the human species ; and this effect is the certain consequence of marriage when regulated by virtue. On the contrary, irregular loves and disorderly embraces are pernicious to population. They produce barrenness ; and while they lead to remorse and shame, they diminish the numbers of mankind.

It would be fortunate for society if the sexes could be preserved in their virtue. For it is their disorders that fill it with disquietude & ruin. The woman who has once parted with her honor can never regain it. Her disgrace gives her a disgust to the tender duties of a mother. She is solicitous not to become one ; and if the fruit of her irregularity should see the light, it is miserable. She tries to stifle it in its birth ; and if her arts for this end are ineffectual, she is disposed to look upon it with horror. The offspring of vice it seems to come into the world without right, and if it escapes the resentment of its wretched parents, it is only to meet the contempt of others. The intercourse of life is a scene to it of torment ; and the happiness it beholds augments the sense of its debasement.

A very different scene is exhibited in the virtuous ages of nations. The young women are courted not as objects of debauch but of love. It is their desire and ambition to fulfil the engagements to which they have submitted. They are proud to give virtuous citizens to the state. Their children are a source to them of the fondest attachment; and they watch with anxiety over their education. The men find the married state a scene of enjoyment and not of suffering. The individual is happy and so is the state.

As there is no position so infallible, as that the virtue of the individual is the prosperity of the nation; so it follows that the habits of vice among the people engender its decline and ruin. When manners have become refined, they contract an incurable proneness to corruption. Business is neglected for dissipation. The sense of probity and character perishes by degrees. A selfish contagion degrades society, and every thing that is virtuous and manly is disregarded, or treated with ridicule. In public stations, men forget the state to wallow in luxuries and effeminacy. And though the middle ranks of life struggle the longest against corruption, they must yield at length to its influence.

At present even where the restraints of virtue are felt most, there prevails an enfeebling and ruinous dissipation. Dancing, cards,

the love of shows and plays, masquerades, feasting and inordinate gaiety are not confined to the higher classes of people; they pervade the whole body; and men of business as well as fortune engage in the same giddy chase. The tradesman neglects his occupation to imitate the follies of his betters. His wife, seduced by his weakness affects to be fashionable. She is not fond of child-bearing, for it hurts her shapes; and to suckle her child would be insupportable as it would keep her at home. She is unhappy except when engaged in parties of pleasure. But pleasure cannot be followed without expense. Diners, dress, constant dissipations, the vanity of vying with her neighbours, waste the savings of frugality. The honest profits of trade are insufficient to maintain a never-ceasing creation of wants. Debts, distress, and misery are certain to come; and in the hour of sorrow it is a poor consolation for the sufferers, that they have been misled by the giddiness of fashion; and that they exchanged the plenty and tranquillity of industry for the toils of dissipation, which produced for the present, agitations accompanied with disquiet, and terminated in a hopeless poverty and repentance.

APHORISMS.

Copies.—The only good copies are those which point out the ridicule of bad originals.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

LONDON, Dec. 26.

American Theatricals.—Cooke has been lately playing at New-York. —Notwithstanding his marriage in the New World, he can neither forget old habits nor Old England, by the report of a Gentleman arrived last week from thence, he played *King Lear*, for his own benefit, in so intoxicated a state, that not only the audience, but the actor overflowed. A few nights before, he refused to go on the stage till the band had played the British national air, '*God save the King.*' This was for some time resisted by the American auditory, but the English Actor was inflexible, and they were at length compelled to submit, rather than lose the opportunity of witnessing his inimitable performance. In fact, to induce him to play, whether drunk or sober, they are ready to go on their knees to him. A curious instance of his native spirit of independence occurred a few weeks ago;—A charitable subscription was handed about the city; the sums subscribed were from one to twenty dollars each. Mr. Cooke was applied to—he immediately wrote down, '*Cooke, the Englishman, One hundred dollars.*'

SMALLEY.—Young Smalley, imagining that the high road to

fame lies through a cask of brandy is treading the steps of his illustrious precursor. Having neglected to discharge a *debt of honor* he had contracted with a female of character the preceeding evening, the enraged *fair one* jumped on the stage, and became so liberal of her favors, that in a few moments she presented him with a certain alteration of the visual organ, which when conferred by nature, is esteemed a beauty—but when obtained by art, a mark of infamy. He lately played *Champanzee* in *Perouse*, in so excellent a style, that he is universally denominated the best *Monkey* in America.

LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, February 22, 1812.

"Be it our task,
To note the passing tidings of the times.


TO CORRESPONDENTS.

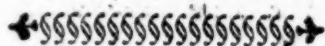
A Solution is requested (from the Author's) of the names of the Enigmatical list of young men and young Ladies of Newtown and Hurlgate.

EDITOR.

In the last line of the Charade in last week's Miscellany for 'each day' read 'no more.'

ERRATA of the AUTHOR'S.

 **WANTED** immediately,
an Apprentice to the Printing bu-
siness, apply at this office.



Married.

On Saturday morning last, by the rev.
Dr. Miller, Mr. Saml. Brewer, to Miss
Elizabeth F. Titus, eldest daughter of
Mr. John Titus.

On Manday evening last, by the rev.
Mr. Wm. Parkinson, Mr. Eleazer Hand
to Miss Catharine M'Coun, all of this
city.

At Newark, Thomas Miller, to Miss
Betsey Edwards.

At Newark, Andrew Titus, to Miss
Mary Row,

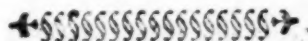
On Thursday evening last, at Perth
Amboy, N. J. by the rev. Dr. Roe, Mr.
Jeremiah Manning, merchant of this city
to Miss Margaretta Angus, daughter of
John Angus, esq. of the former place.

At Goldenham, on Thursday evening
last, Mr. Robert J. Murray, of this city,
to Miss Elizabeth Colden, youngest daugh-
ter of David Colden, esq. of the former
place, deceased.

At New Brunswick, James Bishop, to
Miss Ellen Bennet.

At Albany, Solomon St. John, to Miss
Mary Beckman.

At Albany, Henry Lorick, esq. to Miss
Margaret Henderer.



Died.

On Sunday last, of a consumption,
which she bore with christian fortitude

and resignation, M^{rs}. Mary Heister, wife
of Andrew Heister.

Her parents dear was call'd away,
And left her here awhile to stay;
But now adieu, to worldly charms,
Death closed her in his icy arms.

Her Husband dear with weeping eyes;
The children's wringing hands and cries,
With hearts of sorrow much oppress,
Are left to seek in christ a rest.

On Monday last, Mr. Richard Farrell,
aged 51 years.

On the 12th inst. Mr. James Smith,
M. D. aged 74 years, son of the hon. Wm
Smith, formerly one of the judges of the
supreme court of the province of N. York.

On Tuesday last, in the 83d year of
his age, Mr. Henry Miller, an old and
respectable inhabitant of this city.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Femima
Stout, widow of the late Benjamin Stout,
in the 65th year of her age

At Jamaica, L. Island, on Monday
morning last, of a lingering illness Mr.
John B. Welling.

On Thursday morning in the 30th year
of her age, Catharine Hays, wife of capt.
Jacob Hays.

On Thursday, of a tedious illness, with
a true resignation, Mr. Romain Perrens,
aged about 67 years, and late an inhabi-
tant of the Island of Cuba.

On Wednesday morning last, James
Witherspoon, aged 55 years.

On Wednesday morning last, Frederick
Pessenger, in the 25th year of his age.

On Sunday morning last, Mr. Samuel
Shapter, aged 33 years.

On Sunday last, Mrs. Cornelia Rowland
wife of capt. Jonathan Rowland.

On Saturday morning last, Anguste
D. Berbecq.

OH! HUSH THE SOFT SIGH.

IRISH AIR—TUNE COOLIN

NEW WORDS BY SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

Oh! hush the soft sigh, maid, and the sweet tear, In this bosom thy
 image shall ever be dear: of Hope's pic-tur'd scene how the col-ours decay,
 And loves fair-ry season as soon melts away.

When its balm—breathing dew I delighted to sip,
 Did I think a farewell would escape from that lip?
 By honor commanded, though far I should roam,
 The loadstone of love will attract me to home.

At noon when the roses warm blush thou shalt see,
 Oh, think of the wreaths thou hast woven for me!
 At night, when the moon in mild splendour shall move,
 Oh, view that fair planet, and think how I love.



*' Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate.'*

For the Lady's Miscellany.

PLEDGE TO JULIA.

How sweet are the moments when twilight returning,
Retrieves my fond heart from the day's tedious toil,
How pleasing that fancy within me revolving,
Which makes the mild graces of Julia recoil:
When soft from yon window her charms I desery,
In gesture so graceful, in accents so bland;
When her smiles ask affection how can I deny,
But yield to fair Julia the pledge they demand.

How grateful that converse each hour steals away,
When love's thrilling raptures our bosoms regale;
How tender those moments that lead us astray,
While so sweetly we rove through the silent still vale:
When so softly dear Julia reclines on my arm,
Her beauty so charming I can't but admire:
Her smiles all the power of resistance disarm,

And I cheerfully yield her the pledge they require.

Then ye fates be propitious and sanction our loves,
Extend your protection to watch our career;
May each moment which Julia with mildness improves,
Increase the fond ardour our hearts to endear:
Through the rude storms of life may we gently progress,
Till drowsy old age can sustain us no more;
Then how oft' i'll reflect on the moments of bliss,
When I yielded the pledge her kind heart did implore.

AMBITIOUSUS.

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